

SIMON BOLIVAR.

[This poem, written by Mr. Whittier shortly half a century ago, is not included in any edition of his works, and has recently appeared in print.]

A dirge is waiting from the Gulf of storm
vexed Mexico,
To where through Pampas solitude the mighty
rivers flow;
The dark Sierra bear the wound, and from
each mountain rift,
Where Andes and Cordilleras their awful sum-
mits lift,
Where Cotopaxi's fiery eye glares redly upon
heaven,
And Chimborazo's shattered peak the upper
sky has risen—
From night to morn, from wave to wave, a
wild and long lament,
A sob that shakes like her earthquakes the
startled continent!

A light dies out, a life is sped—the hero at
whose word
The nations started, as from sleep and girded
on the sword.
The victor of a headless fella where blood was
poured like rain,
And Pizarro's loquacious avalanche hurled
down the hosts of Spain,
The eagle soul on Jupiter's slope who showed
his shouting men,
A grander sight than Balboa's dream from wave-
washed Darien,
As from the snows with battle red died out
the sinking sun,
And broad and vast beneath him lay a world
for Freedom won.

How died that victor? In the field with bar-
ners o'er him thrown,
With shattered bosom lying fast and fearfully
before him,
With shouts of triumph swelling round, and
brave men bending o'er him?
Not on his fields of victory, nor in his council
hall,
The worn and sorrowing leader heard the in-
evitable call.
Alone he perished in the land he saved from
slavery's ban,
Maligned and doubted and denied, a broken-
hearted man!

Now let the New World's banners droop above
the fallen chief,
And let the mountaineer's dark eyes be wet
with tears and grief!—
For slander's sting, for envy's hiss, for friend-
ship's hatred grown,
Can funeral pomp, and tolling bell, and priest-
ly mass atone?
Better to leave unmourned the dead, than
wrong men while they live;
What if the strong man failed or erred, could
not his own forgive?
O people freed by him, repent above your
hero's bier;
The sole resource of late remorse is now his
tomb to fear!

A BALAKLAVA HERO.

A Story of a Participant in the Famous
Fight.

Among a group seated around the
fire which blazed brightly in the office
of the Continental hotel, at Saratoga,
on an intensely cold day, last week, was
George Aldridge, who was in the famous
charge of the six hundred at Balaklava,
which Tennyson has celebrated in
deathless verse. Aldridge is a tall,
powerful, jovial-looking Englishman,
though at least 50 years of age, stands
time's attacks so well that he scarcely
looks more than 40. There is not the
slightest trace of bravado about the man
who saw sixteen years of service in the
British army, and bears the honorable
scars of many a well-fought field, but
he has the natural pride of an old sol-
dier, and will occasionally "fight his
battles o'er again." So, in answer to
some questions, he said:

"There were not exactly six hundred
in the Light brigade, but six hundred
and forty altogether, in detachments
taken from the Eighth and Eleventh
hussars, Seventeenth lancers, and two
troops of horse artillery, all under the
command of the earl of Cardigan. The
Light brigade did reconnoitering duty.
It was generally formed about 2 o'clock
in the morning, and there were different
detachments made every once in a
while.

"Our camp was a little town called
Kiteoi, not very far from Balaklava.
On the morning of the 25th of October,
1854, I happened to be in the Light
brigade. It had been reported that the
Russians were coming down from the
north in considerable force, and the
Light brigade, at about 2 A. M., started
out to reconnoiter. After scouring the
country in different directions for
many hours we finally turned towards
Balaklava, which was held by our forces
under the earl of Lucan.

"There were fortifications near Bala-
klava which had before been held by
the Turks, who were our allies, you re-
member. We had got within two miles
of these redoubts, when we halted. We
had dismounted and were chatting very
sociably together, not dreaming that
there was any fighting ahead."

"What was your first intimation that
there was fighting ahead?"

"Well, as I say, we were standing be-
side our horses, joking and laughing

among ourselves, when we saw a horse-
man coming down from the direction of
Balaklava. We paid no particular at-
tention, supposing that it didn't con-
cern us, but was some message going to
our camp, and he did appear to be go-
ing that way when he saw our brigade
and bore down upon us. Old earl Cardig-
an, or 'Jim Crow,' as he was called by
the soldiers, was at the front, and the
rider, who was Capt. Nolan, with orders
from the earl of Lucan, went up and
handed Cardigan a slip of paper. Old
Jim gave a queer look when he read it,
as if he doubted his eyes. The Russians,
some 22,000 strong, it appeared, had
driven the Turks from the redoubts
near Balaklava, and were now in posses-
sion. The orders were to retake them.
The old earl turned around to us after
we had jumped into our saddles, and
said, pointing towards the redoubts,
'Men, we've got to have those guns over
there!' and ordered an advance. We
were then about two miles off. First
we went at a walk, then the trot was
sounded, later the trumpeter called the
canto, and in this way we moved up
the plain to within about 1500 yards of
what was known as the Turkish redoubt,
or French hill. Then the enemy open-
ed fire from there. The charge was
now sounded, and our 640 men moved
forward at full gallop. The first few
rounds from the Turkish redoubt,
showed that the Russians were firing at
random. One discharge would plow up
the ground in front of us—and I tell
you it made my hair stand right up—
and the next would go over our heads.
The Turkish redoubt was on our left. As
we drew nearer the artillery on Sugar
Loaf hill, to our right, opened on us,
but didn't do much damage. When we
got up to within about one thousand
yards the twelve-gun battery in the
center of the Russian position opened
fire, and the first round dismantled two
guns of our C troop of horse artillery.

We now began to catch it. It liter-
ally was cannon to the right, cannon to
the left, and cannon in front, and the
slaughter was frightful. Whole lines of
men and horses would be mowed down
like swaths of grass by the fire of those
batteries. We kept ahead just as ever
for the center, and sabred the gunners
that stuck to their guns, as many of
them did. Some of the Russian gun-
ners crawled under their guns, where
we couldn't reach them with our sabres,
but the Seventeenth lancers, who of
course could reach them, made it hot
for 'em. The Russians fell back, and
we held their guns.

"Just then the heavy brigade came
up from the right on the other side of
Sugar Loaf hill, and coming around in
the rear of the batteries, they charged
the enemy with success. The
The batteries both ceased firing
when we took the 12-gun battery in the
center. The heavy brigade followed up
the Russians, and we formed ranks
again in front of the center battery.
There were only 140 of us left. Earl
Cardigan afterward cried like a child
over the loss of his men. Our engage-
ment lasted, perhaps, twenty-five min-
utes, between 9 and 10 o'clock in the
morning, and in that we lost about
500 men."

"Were you wounded in the famous
charge?"

"Yes; I was hit in nine different places
in my right leg by grape and fragments
of shells, but in the excitement of the
thing I didn't know it till I tried to get
off my horse after the fight was over.
Then I found I couldn't budge my right
leg. We went back to camp, and I was
taken to Scutari, where I was in the
hospital one hundred and five days. If
the attack on these batteries had been
delayed a few hours longer we would
have got them without the horrible
slaughter they cost."

"The soldiers well knew the move
was a blunder then?"

"Certainly, but they had nothing to
do but obey orders. The earl of Lucan
and the earl of Cardigan were enemies;
they had quarreled about some woman,
it was said, still Lucan was in the fight,
too. The earl of Cardigan was a good
general and understood what he was
about. The first rounds went over our
heads, and he would order us after each
discharge to move forward all the faster
before they could change the range of
their guns. Of course, when we got
close they couldn't help but hit us."

"You were at Scutari; did you see
Florence Nightingale?"

"Yes, I remember seeing her, and an
attractive face she had too. The sol-
diers thought the world of her and the
other ladies, many of them of noble
birth, who did everything they could

for us."

"Have you any survivors of the charge
here in America?"

"Yes, Judge Hilton's coachman, John
Daily, was in it; he was in the 8th
hussars; and roundman McKennie, of
the 28th precinct, New York city, was in
the detachment from the 17th lancers,
and I believe there are only 17 altogether
now living who were in the Light
brigade that day."

Mr. Aldridge also served in India,
and was at the relief of Lucknow, at
Delhi, Cawnpore, and other engage-
ments.

How to Select a Husband.

It has been profoundly remarked, that
the true way of telling a toadstool from
a mushroom is to eat it. If you die, it
was a toadstool, if you live, it was a
mushroom. A similar method is em-
ployed in the selection of husbands;
marry him, if he kills you he was a bad
husband; if he makes you happy he is
a good one. There is really no other
criterion. As Dr. Samuel Johnson re-
marked, the proof of the pudding is in
the eating thereof. Some young men
that seem unexceptionable, indeed very
desirable, when they are single, are per-
fectly horrid as soon as they get mar-
ried. All the latent brute there is in
the heart comes out as soon as a sen-
sitive and delicate being seeks her happi-
ness in his companionship. The hon-
ey-moon lasts a very short time, the re-
ceptions and the round of parties are
soon over, and then the two sit down to
make home happy. If she has married
a society man, he will soon begin to get
bored; he will yawn and go to sleep on
the sofa. Then he will take his hat and
go down to the club and see the boys,
and perhaps not come home till morn-
ing. If she has married a man engrossed
in business he will be fagged out
when he comes home. He may be a
sickly man that she must nurse, and a
morose man that she must seek to cheer,
a drunken man that she must sit up for,
a violent man that she fears, a fool whom
she soon learns to despise, a vulgar man
for whom she must apologize—in short,
there are thousands of ways of being
bad husbands, and very few ways of be-
ing good ones. And the worst of it is,
that the poor silly women are apt to ad-
mire in single men the very traits that
make bad husbands, and look with con-
tempt or ridicule upon those quiet vir-
tues which make home happy. Men
with very little personal beauty or style,
often make the wife happy—and some-
times quite the reverse. The number
of ways of being a bad husband is al-
most as great as the number of ways of
being ugly. No one can tell from the
demeanor of a single man what sort of
husband he will be. Meantime she must
marry somebody. Eat it: if you die it
was a sort of toadstool, if you live it
was a sort of mushroom.—*Baltimore
Every Saturday.*

A Cajon Sand Storm.

(From the Los Angeles Herald.)

Day before yesterday afternoon the
out-going Yuma train left Los Angeles
on time. Everything went on as usual
until it approached Cucamonga Station.
At this point a sand storm of extraordi-
nary violence was encountered. The
train was soon obliged to stop. Su-
perintendent Hewitt was at once com-
municated with by telegraph and a
number of men were dispatched from
all quarters to clear the track, but ut-
terly without avail. The train was de-
layed some fifteen hours. When we
state that the rails for a distance of
three or four miles were covered with
sand to depths ranging from one to
three feet, the force of the wind may
be conjectured. The simoon, or sirocco,
or whatever it may be called, came
whistling through the Cajon Pass as
though it were discharged from a fun-
nel. The incoming Yuma train was
delayed for an hour and a half through
the storm. Some seven years ago a
whirlwind poured out of Cajon Pass,
which took substantially the same
course as the wind day before yester-
day. The line of plain traversed by it
was about three miles wide, but it for-
tunately stopped right at the edge of
the celebrated Cucamonga vineyard.
For much of this width the soil was
shaved off as with a knife, being carried
restlessly over the Cucamonga plains.
Sand was piled to a height of several
feet over the roof of the station of
the old stage company, making a total
sand drift over twenty feet high. The
storm of the other day must have been
a twin brother of that.

The Indiana Woman's Prison is en-
tirely under the control of women.

Baleful Planets.

If there is anything in "astrological
crisis," we are approaching one of
the most pestilential periods of the
earth's history. Since the commence-
ment of the Christian era the perihel-
lia of the four great planets of the so-
lar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn
and Neptune—have not been coinci-
dent. But this is about to occur, and
in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has
traced the history of the greatest epi-
demics that have ever afflicted the hu-
man race to the perihelia of these plan-
ets, there will soon be lively times for
the doctors. The theory is that when
one or more of the large planets is near-
est to the sun, the temperature and con-
dition of our atmosphere are so dis-
turbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes,
terrible rains, prolonged droughts, etc.,
resulting in the destruction of crops,
and pestilence among human beings
and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of
statistical data, all going to show that
perihelion "data" have always been
marked by unusual mortality, and that
sickness and death have invariably cor-
responded with the planets in perihel-
ion at the same time. The revolution
of Jupiter round the sun is accom-
plished in a little less than twelve
years; of Saturn in a little less than
thirty years; of Uranus in about eighty-
four years. If it be true, therefore,
that the perihelia of the planets occa-
sion atmospheric conditions unfavorable
to life, pestilential periods should occur
once in a dozen years; and aggravated
and still more wide-spread epidemics at
longer intervals. In tracing the history
of epidemics for more than 2,000 years,
Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to
validate the theory. Thus in the sixth,
and again in the sixteenth centuries,
three of these planets were coincident
in perihelion, and those were the most
pestilential times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first
time in 2,000 years, all four of these
planets against us. They will be at
their nearest approach to the sun in or
soon after 1880, so that for a few years,
say from 1880 to 1885, the vitality of ev-
ery living thing will be put to a severe
and trying ordeal. Some persons think
they see in the signs of the times evi-
dences of the great disasters in the im-
mediate future. The excessive heat,
the unexampled cold, the prevalence of
floods and disasters at sea, the general
failure of the potato crop, the wide-
spread chill-fever among human beings,
and the equal presence of the epizootic
among animals, are mentioned as among
the premonitions of the rapidly ap-
proaching perihelion.

Well, "to be forewarned is to be fore-
armed." Accidents excepted, we know
very well that the persons of more vi-
gorous constitutions and more hygienic
habits will have the better chance to
survive whatever adverse influences the
extraordinary perihelion will occasion.
It is well known to physicians, that in
all pestilences, plague, typhus, small-
pox, cholera, murrain, etc., the intem-
perate, the dissipated, and those whose
sanitary conditions were bad, furnished
the victims.

We do not write to alarm any one,
nor to make a sensation. We state the
facts which all history attests. Readers
can judge for themselves what import-
ance to attach to the subject. That the
conjoint perihelion of all large planets
of the solar system, one of which, Ju-
piter, is 1,000 times as large as the earth,
must disturb our atmosphere and tem-
perature very considerably, is probable;
that this disturbance must be injurious
to health and life, is certain; and that
these periods have been pestilential, is
a matter of record. How much we
shall suffer during the next dozen or
fifteen years, depends very much upon
how nearly we live a life in accordance
with the laws of health.—*Science of
Health.*

Israel's Lost Tribes.

(New York Sun.)

The Lost Israel Identification Soci-
ety, an organization that has been
formed in Brooklyn to develop and dis-
seminate as true the proposition that
the Anglo-Saxon race is descended
from the ten lost tribes of Israel, and
to promote research into the general
history of Israel and Judah, held its
first public meeting in the Union Con-
gregational Church, Brooklyn, on
Monday evening. Mr. Geo. Kerr, the
President, was in the chair. The exer-
cises were opened by the reading of
those passages in Isaiah and Jeremiah,
which, it is averred, are pregnant with
the prophecy that the growth of this

country is developing.

Mr. Joseph Wild, of Bay Ridge, said
that the discovery of the identity of the
Anglo-Saxon race as having a direct
connection with the lost tribes of Israel
is too good a thing to be idle. It is, he
said, impossible to understand the
Scriptures by confining the houses of
Israel and Judah. The Anglo-Saxon
race is the only Sabbath keeping estate.
Every individual prophecy points to
this nation. "It is a great people," it
is "an independent people," it inhabits
"the Isle of the Off," whence the Bible
says the chosen races shall be called.
It is wonderful that such identification
has escaped the consideration of philoso-
phers, preachers, and thinkers. The
movements in Turkey, in India, and in
the Holy Land, all point to their final
possession by the Anglo-Saxon race,
which is becoming the protector of the
heathen nations. The very word
"Saxon" helps in the identification, for
what is it but "son of Sano"—or
"Isaac's son."

The society has already a number of
members, one of whom is the Rev. Jo-
seph Wild, whose lectures on the sub-
ject led to the formation of the society.
The officers are George Kerr, Presi-
dent; William Ferguson, Secretary;
and James A. Templeton, Treasurer.
The society is the first of its kind in
this country.

Typographical Blunders.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

A great many columns have been
written concerning typographic errors,
and many of the instances sound so
witty or so stupid that it seems as if
they must be rather inventions than
actual happenings. But we never saw
one cited so unlikely that we couldn't
remember its match. Once we wrote
that it was "like evoking the shadow of
a shade" to quote forgotten writers.
The phrase appeared in print thus:
"Like cooking the shadow of a shade."
The printer had, in burlesquing the
sentiment, actually preserved and in-
tensified it in a most striking image of
unsubstantiality. At another time we
had quoted the proverbial opinion of
Rosalind, "Men have died and worms
have eaten them—but not for love." The
printer may have been a misogynist;
at all events he substituted
"women" for "worms." There are
Shakespeare emendations not much
better than that, perhaps. In one of
the country weeklies there was recently
an account of the presentation to some
one of a Bible "bound in guilt." In
a discussion one spoke of "the divine
totality of being;" it was reported as
"the sublime brutality of feeling." This
may have been the reporter's error; but
not so when a Methodist college presi-
dent spoke of sin as "a dark, guilty,
darning fact," and found it published
as "a dark, quietly dawning fact," and
describing the death of Jesus as "vaci-
uous," saw it in print "vivacious." This
was in a very religious paper, and an-
other into an eloquent hymn admitted
this questionable temperance senti-
ment: "I praise the still." Sometimes
these things are so funny that the writer
can't be as angry as he would like, but
still that Virginia editor must have
been "hopping mad" when his powerful
leader wound up with, "Courage, til-
lers of the land! and forget in the ex-
citement of politics, your pantry and
your nursery!" He had written "pover-
ty" and "misery." And how must As-
troumer Proctor have felt when, hav-
ing written of "lines, bands and skirts
near the violet end of the spectra," he
was represented as seeing "links, bonds
and stripes for the violent kind of spec-
ters?" Perhaps, as if he had a peep in-
to a spiritual lunatic asylum—which
must be necessary enough, if the medi-
cines have got the rights of it, to store
Diabolus in.

"Mistakes of Moses."

Bob Ingersoll's lecture with the
above title, has brought out a sharp re-
port from the Jewish Rabbi Wise, of
Cincinnati. He says that Ingersoll is
out on a lecturing tour, and that "it
makes no difference whether it is hell or
gods, devil or Moses, Pope or Presby-
terian—anything to make money." He
closes his communication on Robert
with these caustic sentences. "He can-
not criticize Aristotle and make it pay,
because he can not read him. He can
not ridicule Carlyle or Stuart Mill, be-
cause he can not understand them. So
he picks up some small stories which
the children know, and dishes them up
in his own humorous way for the
amusement of big babies."